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AN EXHORTATION AT A COMMUNION TO A *Scots* Congregation IN LONDON

By Mr. *Samuel Rutherford.*

From a Manuscript never before printed.

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An Exhortation, &c.

IT is Christ's Will that his Bairns get their Fill, and that they grow; Christ never had an hungry House, nor his Father before him: There is Bread and Drink in his Father's House. Eat and drink much Good may it do you; for ye get it with Christ's Good Will, and with his heartsome Blessing: Now in the Strength of it, work a good Work to Christ your Master: He gives his Servants Meat and Drink, with a good House in a new City. Who is this that hath his Garments dipt in Blood; yea, in red Blood? Know ye him beloved? But he kens you full well. Come near him, and stand not a far off. Christ says not, Look by me but, Look on me whom you have pierced with your Sins: Ye must not turn your Shoulder to him, but set your Face towards him: Love your new Husband well, and let all the old go and play themselves: Rent your Contract that was betwixt you and your Hearts Lusts. And now Christ says, you shall have a better Life than ever you had in your old Husband's Time. Provide much Plenishing, against the Time ye and he take up House in Heaven together: Christ is dressing all the Chambers and

and Hall for you up in your Father's Houſe; Make away as faſt as you can; take Home your Writs with you, Chriſt has ſubſcribed them: Take Home the King's Pardon with you, written with your Lord's own Heart Blood, and the King's Great Seal at it, and ſtamp upon the Seal Chriſt's Arms, even the ſlain Son of God, hanging upon the Croſs, ſubſcribing a large Diſpenſation to you. Now, remember before Witneſſes ye are his. Have ye not Reaſon to think that Chriſt is heartſome in his own Houſe? He has made his Wife a great Feaſt to Day. Ly not down to ſleep after your Meat; Chriſt has fed you to run a Race, even a Race to Heaven: Awake therefore.

In the Word and Sacraments, Chriſt now takes you into the Chariot with himſelf, and draws your Hearts after him. Be Satan's or the World's Footmen no longer; for it is a wearieſome Life: But ride with Chriſt in his Chariot; for it is all paved with Love: The Bottom of it is the Love of ſlain Chriſt: Ye muſt ſit there upon Love. Love is a ſoft Cuſhion; but the Devil and the World make you ſweat at the ſore Work of Sin, and run upon your own Feet too; But it is better to be Chriſt's Horſe-men and ride, than to be Satan's trogged Footmen, and to travel upon Clay. Chriſt ſays, he has waſhen you to Day. Sin no more. Keep your ſelves clean, go not to Satan's ſooty Houſes; but take you to your Husband, the faireſt among Ten thouſand, that your

lovely Husband may make your Robes clean in the Blood of the LAMB. Ye are going into a clean Heaven, and undefiled City: Take not filthy clatty Hands, and clatty Feet with you. What say ye of your new Husband? Please ye your new Husband well? May not his Servants say in his Name, That ye are heartily welcome to him; and may they not say in your Name, That he is heartily welcome to you? A plain Answer; ye cannot well want an Half-marrow: No Soul liveth well a single Life. Now seeing ye must marry, marry Christ; ye will never get a better Husband: Take him and his Father's Blessing. Fall too, and woo him; Be holy and get a good Name, and Christ will not want you. It is many a Day since ye were invited to this Banquet, why should ye bide from it? Ye are come not uncalled: And Christ both sitteth and eateth with you; and standeth and serveth you; Christ both said the Grace, and blessed the Meat, and says it To-day, and prays my Father's Blessing be at the Banquet. Your Father cries, "Divorce, divorce all other Lovers; 'go and agree with Christ your Cautioner, and 'purchase a Discharge if he can." It is better holding than drawing; better to say, here he is, than here he was: And slippery fingered I held him; and would not let him go. Rive all his Cloaths, and he will not be angry at you In Death he held a strait Grip of you: Hell, Devils, the Wrath of GOD, the Curse of the Law, could not all loose his Grips of you. Christ got

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a Claught of you in the Water, and he brought a with him. Look up by Faith to Chriſt. Ye could never have been ſet up by Angels. May not Chriſt ſay, The Law took ſoon a Cleek of me, and drew me here amongſt Thieves for your Cauſe? And was not that ſtrong Love, that humble Chriſt cared not what they did to him, ſo being he might get you? In that Night wherein our Lord was betrayed, he ordained the Supper for you upon his Death-bed: He made his Teſtament, and left it in Legacy to you. In Death he had more Mind of you, his Wife than he had of himſelf. In the Garden, on the Croſs, in the Grave, his ſilly loſt Sheep was ay in his Mind. Love has a brave Memory, and cannot forget. He has graven you upon the Palms of his Hands; and when he looks to his Hands, he ſays, My Sheep I cannot forget: Yea, in my Death, My Siſter, my Spouſe was ay in my Mind. She took my Nights Sleep from me, that Night I was ſweating in the Garden for her.

When Chriſt was dead, and ſleeping on the Croſs, and his *Side* broken with a Spear, until Blood and Water came out; the Lord was forming a Wife for the ſecond Adam, your Husband. In Death he was doing and working what no wedded Man could do, even bleſſing and embracing his Beloved. Come near and kiſs dead Jeſus. O but ſlain Chriſt has a ſweet Smell, even when he is Dead! What think ye of the Smell of his Love? What think ye of itſelf? What of theſe Feet that went up and down the World to

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ſeek his Father's loſt Sheep pierced with Nails? He that healed the Diſeaſes of the Lame, and the Blind, he is now blind himſelf. The Eyes that were oft lift up to Heaven unto God in Prayer, wearied with Tears; his Head peirced with Thorns, the Face that is fairer nor the Sun, and deareſt Beloved, is now all maimed with Blood, and the Hair pulled out of his Cheeks. Could Love be painted then? Chriſt pained and Chriſt painted on the Croſs; ſo pained Mercy and Juſtice ſet God in his Lovelineſs towards Man, who comes with outreached Arms to meet and embrace him: When Chriſt was black and blae upon the Croſs, and pale with Death, he was then faireſt and pleaſanteſt; and GOD the Father was reconciled, and looked ſweetly upon ſlain Chriſt: And then Mercy and Peace was proclaimed to all believing Sinners. The Law and Juſtice gloomed ſtill until Chriſt's Life was put Forth: And now they ſmile upon Believers, and ſay, 'Come unto Heaven pulled open by 'Chriſt's holy Arm from the Croſs; that was 'ſhut by the ſtrong Iron Bar that held to the 'Door of Heaven; until he hurt his Arm, and 'took it by: And now Chriſt ſays, Be not afraid, come away. But ye will ſay, We are weak, we dow not put up Chriſt's Door. Well then ſays Chriſt, I am ſtrong enough for you; and now ſeeing it is already open, get up quickly, and entet into it, and there abide. Ye are Chriſt's Brethren and Siſters; when ye were under Hell and Condemnation, he pleaded the Law for you. It was no

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bought Plea to his Hand, that Christ snappered on, when he fought with our Enemies. Christ is Flesh of your Flesh and Bone of your Bone: He tired himself in paying the Law, and in getting the Inheritance for you, and God be thanked, he wan the Plea: but it was great Charges to him: Take to you now free purchased Redemption, your Brother's new Forgivenness of Sins, Peace, Joy and a Kingdom: And more take him to be your Lord, and much Good may you have of your new Master Jesus Christ.

Of all Wonders that ever was read in a printed Book, this is the first, Christ made an Exchange; Christ cosed Lives with you, and made a Niffer. He never beguiled you; for he took Shame and gave you Glory; He took the Curse and gave you the Blessing; he took Death and gave you Life. The fairest Candle that ever was lighted is blown out; the Head of the Church is dead, and the Lord of Life is laid down in the Grave. No Wonder that the Sun, that did shew Part of his Labours be shut down, because the great Sun of Righteousness was shut down in the Grave and a Stone laid above him, Good. Right have ye to Christ: Accept of his Niffer, and change with him, and take his best Blessing, and purchased Redemption. What a Sight is our Lord Jesus going out of the Gates of Jerusalem and his Cross upon his Back. And went like to fall under it, he was so weak in Body, and weary in Soul, when he went to the Top of Mount

Moun Calvary: And all the Time he ſaw black Death before him, and a Curſe: He was even then bearing God's Curſe upon his Back, and that was heavier than the Croſs. Look on him, and follow him; and he will not bid you lend him a Lift. Give him Obedience, and give him Love, for it is better to him, nor if ye had been crucified for him; and look upon him, and look for him, Whither I go, ye know, and the Way ye know. Chriſt this Day lets you ſee all the Footſteps in your Way to Heaven: In his Death and Blood he made a new Way to Heaven. He went in a hard Way himſelf, through God's Curſe, and painful Sufferings: He bids you not follow him that Way; but believe in him, and love one another: And ſtick faſt by Chriſt. The old gate ye dought never have gone: But Chriſt's Market gate is a ſweet and eaſy Way; if ye will bear Chriſt's Yoke, and ſo love him, ye and he will come in other's Hands together to Heaven; and ye will be the welcomer that he is with you.

A little While ſays Chriſt, and I will come again. Take you here Chriſt's Fleſh, in Token that he will come again to you, and marry you to himſelf for ever. Your new Husband hath ſaid, Within a little while, he will come again and ſee you: And ſee that ye keep your ſelves for him; abide in him. Chriſt ſays to you, my deareſt ones weary not, fight on, I ſhall be at you frae Hand: Be true to me, as I was ay true to you.

Indeed, when your Salvation was in Chriſt's Hand

Hand, it was between the tyning and the winning, but our LORD JESUS laid us not a Slip; he was ay to be lip'ned in. What think ye of Christ? Is he not fair and lovely? Has not his Wife good Cause to say, He is altogether lovely, Cant. 5. 16. His Breast is all made of Love: If ye had but him once in your Arms, ye would thrust him into your Heart; yea, and beyond it, if it could be gotten done. Christ took a hearty Grip of you upon the Cross; he let you not slip out of his Fingers again.

Many Waters cannot quench Love. Christ was the Lamb rosted with Fire for you. He suffered hot Fire for you. He got a Roast and a Heat that made him sweat Blood; but yet his Soul was not burnt away with Love. Oh! Christ would fain have you; are ye not burning with Love to be at him? How you find in you Hearts to want him? Oh! Thrice sweet Death! To dy of Love for him that died of Love for you. Christ in the Garden, on the Cross, in the Grave, under the pursuing of his Father's Wrath and Anger, he speered ay for his Beloved his Kirk: He sought you in all these Places, and he sought ay till he found you. He would not want his Errand for the seeking. He went triumphing and rejoicing and his Wife in his Hand. Christ rueth nothing that he has done for you, he thinks it all well war'd.

Christ loves you better nor his Life: For he gave away his Life to get your Love; he

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ſpared neither Coſt nor Expence. Chriſt who was without Sin gave himſelf a Ranſom for you Sinners: His Father laid a Croſs on him; he bought you with his Father's Curſe; Was not that a dear Wife to him? Then let Chriſt be dear to you, Pilate ſcourged Chriſt, and brought him forth to the People, to ſee if they would rue on him; When they ſaw his bloody Shoulders they might have ſaid poor Man, thou is ill enough handled elſe for ought that thou haſt done: But theſe Hell's Hounds would have his Heart's Blood and his Life or nothing; and your Husband ſaid Amen to it, for the Love he did bear to you; and for all that God had done to him, Be it ſo, Amen, Father.

What a Sight was innocent and harmleſs Jeſus, when he ſtood before the Governor, and had not one Word to ſay! They laid Thieves Bands on our Saviour's Hands, that had never ſtolen, that had never ſhed Blood. Bands bound his Hand; but Love, Mercy and Grace bound his tender Heart with ſtronger Bands and Cords, to looſe us out of the Bands of Sin. He cried in the Spirit, Father, bind me, and looſe them; ſlay me and ſave them: All their Ill be upon me: So be it, dear Jeſus.

Chriſt cried with a loud Voice in Death, Father into thy Hands I recommend my Spirit: Then our Lord died, becauſe it was his Will. Death could not bind him; but Love to his Wife bound him; Love is ſtronger nor Death: Nay, Love was as

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ſtrong as Chriſt. The Law was weak now ; Chriſt ſatisfied it: And yet, it has no Power ver you ; ye are in Chriſt, and he is a better M ſter than the Law: Change not with any Maſt again, follow him all the Way to Heaven.

Chriſt's new Love got a Whiſtle in his bleſſe Manhood. How do ye ſince ye married Chri laſt ? Tell your Mind of Chriſt. Let Faith ſpea let Love ſpeak of ſlain Chriſt Jeſus, of his kiſſi you: Ye are now at Chriſt's pierced Side, G Heaven and Mercy, when Chriſt has the Cro on his Back.

Was not Chriſt's Love Tocher good enough O! what is ſewed and covered up in Chriſt Love! Come and preſs his Love, and milk Hea ven and Glory out of it. Live on his Love, an ye are wholly fed. Ly in Chriſt's Love and that' a ſweet Bed. Ride on his Love, and it ſhall carr you through Hell and Death, and every evil Way That which Chriſt has dear bought ye will no want. Ye are ſold over to a Lord that will not wan you, but will have you ; make no Merchandize with any other. He rues not : Why ſhould ye rue ? Mount Calvary, ſince God laid the firſt Stone of it, did never bear ſuch a Weight, as when the Lord of Glory was hanging upon a Tree there. O! It was made a fair Tree when ſuch an Apple grew on it. It was a green Orch- ard. It was our Summer, but Death's Winter, Darkneſs was in all Judea, when our Lord ſuffered ; And why ? Becauſe the Candle that lighted

ghted the Sun and the Moon, was blown out. he God-head was ecclipſed ; and the World' ye was put out. He took away the Sun with m, as is were to another World: When he that as the World's Sun was put out; when he went it of the Earth, the Sun would not ſtay behind m. Sun, what ails thee? I have not will to ine, when my Lord is going to another World. s if the Sun had ſaid to Jeſus, LORD if thou e going to another World, take me with you. The Dead came out of the Grave to welcome Chriſt's Death: Life it ſelf was coming to the Grave; and therefore the Graves opened, the Dead lived, the Bairns ſprang and ſtirred in their Mother's Belly, Why? Becauſe the Lord of Life was coming to the Grave. The Dead wondered, o ſee Life coming down among them. He went before Hand to ſpounge Death and Corruption for you. JESUS cried with a loud Voice, with ſuch a Shout as went to Heaven. The Son crying to the Father, ſhouting with Tears and ſtrong Cries, Father, Father, God's Mercy. O! What a Cry would all Believers made in Hell, if Chriſt had not cried; yea, been always crying there! But O! What a Fray was there! GOD weeping, GOD ſobing under the Water! Never was there ſuch a Fray in Heaven and Earth, either before or ſhall be after. Angels might have quaked, if they be capable of ſuch Paſſions, they might have ſaid, alas! What ails our dear Lord and Maſter to cry ſo hideouſly? Chriſt wor-

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ried on a Piece of Tree! He who takes up the Isle of the Sea, as a little Thing! Yea he who can take up Heaven and Earth with a Touch of his little Finger! He who can weigh the Mountains in Ballance! O! What a Set was it to Christ's Back and his Fillets! No Wonder, there was more than a Tree upon his Back; the Curse of the Law of God was above the Tree; and that was heavier than Ten thousand Mountains of Iron. Ah! a Wonder his Back brake not in twa, and all his Bones were not crush'd with it.

Christ crys, I thrist---

I thrist; No Wonder there was a Fire in his Soul; such a Furnace that would have dried up the *Sea*, and all the Waters of it; cast a Coal of God's Wrath in the midst of the *Sea*, it would soon suck it up all, if there were as much Water as might ly betwixt the Bottom of the Sea, and the Heaven of Heavens; between the East Point of Heaven and the West Point of Heaven; the pure unmixed Wrath of God would drink it all dry in a Moment: All the Wells in the Earth set to Christ's Mouth could not have quenched his Thrist; a Drink of his Father's Well was that which cool'd his burnt and dried Soul. Christ cried, My Soul is heavy into Death; Sorrow is like to kill me; Fear and Horrer is like to break my Heart: What dear Lord Jesus, art thou rueing the Voyage? Wouldest thou cast thy Bargain? No no, but it is a sad Cup. Oh! I see an ugly Sight! I see the Lord covered with

Wrath

Wrath! I ſee a Fire greater than put all the Fires in Hell in one! And the Lord has made me, poor me, greeting, weak me, his contrary Party; the Lord is runing upon me like a Giant. My Martyrs and my Servants ſing and rejoice at the Gibbet and Fire; but I weep, I ly ſad and driry mine alone? Becauſe my Lord is away: Oh Wells! O Lochs! O running Streams! Where were you all when my Lord could not get a Drink? O! Fy on all Jeruſalem! For there was Wine enough in Jeruſalem, and their King Jeſus is burnt like a Keel-ſtick; O Wells! What ails you at your Lord Jeſus? The Wells and Lochs anſwer, Alas! We dare not know him, the Lord hath laid a Fence upon us; we are arreſted, we dare not ſerve our Maſter. Is there any Cooling in all Judea? Or, is there any Room? Yea, there are Tables full of Vomit; but our Lord was forced to take a Good night of the Creature with a Nay-ſay, O to hear the Wells ſay, we will give Herod and Pilate a Drink, but we will give Chriſt none. Yea, give me leave to ſay, there is none in Earth brewen for Chriſt, but a Drink of Gall and Vinegar: The Wells ſay, we will give Oxen and Horſe Drink, but never a Drop for the Lord of Glory: For all his Service done in Jeruſalem; for all his good Preaching; for all his glorious Miracles, not ſo much as a Drop of cold Water: Fy on you famous Jeruſalem! Is your Stipends this? Is this your Reward to your great High-Prieſt? No, not

of much as a Beggar's Courteſy, a Drink of cold Water, to your dear Redeemer Jeſus! But by this, Chriſt has bought Drink to all Believers.

Jeſus gave up the Ghoſt--

O Life! Would thou bear that bleſſed Body no longer Company? O Life of Life! Would thou be Death's taken Priſoner? O to ſee that bleſſed Head fall to the one Side! O to ſee Life wanting Life! To ſee Life lying dead! To ſee that bleſſed Mouth ſilent! To ſee that fair Corps rolled in Linnen, and laid in a Tomb! O to ſee ſweet Jeſus, that he ſhould go his lone! O to ſee that bleſſed Body in Joſeph's Arms! Come hither Believers, and ſee a Sight that you never ſaw the like of it. O! What would the Diſciples ſay? But that we are beguiled Men: We thought that he ſhould reſtore the Kingdom to Iſrael; and now he is gone away; and now he is dead, that raiſed Lazarus from the Grave. O would Angels think our Maſter is dead! Meikle Scant of Life in the World might one ſay before he ſhould have died for Want: The whole Guard about Chriſt, might ſay, O! What Evil hath he done? O Sun! Why would thou not ſend him Light? he never angred thee, but gave the Light. O Floods! O Rivers! O running Streams! What has thus angred you at your Creator! That ye would not ſend your Lord a Drink? O Bread! Why art thou Gall to him? O Drink! Why to him Vinegar? O worldly Pomp and Glory! What ails you at him? That

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he is ſo aſhamed: O Life! where goeſt thou? Why leaveſt thou the Lord of Life: O Joys! Why would ye not chear him? O Diſciples! Why left ye him and forſook him! O Father! What ails thee at thy dear and only Son? O What evil Way went thoſe Feet that are pierced? O! what Evil did theſe Hands that they are pierced? O! what Evil and what Vanity did theſe Eyes behold, that Death has cloſed them? O! what Sin hath that fair Face done that is ſpitted upon? O! whatdid theſe Hands ſteal, that they are bound? O! what Evil has that bleſſed Head done, that is crowned with Thorns?

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FINIS.